

Carpet Remnants, Special 98c.
One and one half yard Car-
pet Remnants in a few remain-
ing patterns extra special for
98c.
A Wood Body Thermometer
free with a purchase of \$5.00
or more

Bob says
"Try a dish of
Post Toasties
with cream
for lunch
on hot days"

THE PART CEMENT IS PLAYING IN WAR VERY IMPORTANT

Extensive Use of It By The Germans In Staying Allies' Advance.

EMPLOY MANY DEVICES

To General Gun Emplacements and Defensive Works of Various Kinds: Will Withstand Heaviest Bombardment and Still Afford Good Shelter.

The importance of the part cement is playing in the great European war is set forth very clearly by P. A. McKenna, a war correspondent of the Sunday Pictorial of London in an article from which the following extracts are taken:

"The war has entered into a new stage. At first it was a motor war, when auto-cars enabled the Germans to advance faster than any other army in the world. Then came the dreary trench war. Today the cement war is here.

"Germany has built a great barrier of ferro-concrete and chilled steel along the villages of the western front in the hope of defeating our advance. We have much of the Hindenburg line, from Breucourt to Quent, and of its spurs. These positions are simply extensions and elaborations of the method being directly used against us today in other parts.

"Each vital village is made into a miniature Gibraltar, its strength being usually disguised by maintaining the old outward appearance of the ruined houses.

"I have just returned from one such village on the further side of Vimy Ridge. In a depth of a few hundred yards I found three lines of gun emplacements. Their sides and tops were five feet thick, made of ferro-concrete. This ferro-concrete was further backed by steel plates, doors and shields. Underneath the gun positions deep down, were dugouts.

"Elsewhere were smaller stations. Here was one little fort, just big enough for a man. Its sides were of thick steel and it had movable thick steel periscopes all around. Outside the steel sides was a foot of concrete. This was an observation post.

"A seemingly innocent-looking ruined house had inside walls and roof of cement, 30 inches thick. In front was a nose of seven feet of reinforced concrete, with two machine-gun emplacements. These machine-guns could sweep a road half a mile away. What looked like a broken haystack was really a concealed concrete fort.

"This is Germany's new method of defense. She is hoping to keep back our western advance by three things—her invulnerable concrete forts, her greatly augmented total of machine-guns and heavy guns, and her snipers. As we penetrate further we will meet these forts more and more, at Lens, at Avion, Montigny and at Lille.

"Our soldiers broke through the triple lines at Vimy and they will break through them again if British workshops and workmen do not fail them. There is only one way of getting through—the concentration and exact direction of heavy shell fire. A bursting 12-inch shell, when it hits the right spot, makes even your five-foot concrete emplacement begin to crumble up. But it will stand more punishment and heavier punishment than any other form of defense known. Some of these places could still afford shelter after the most severe artillery drubbing ever experienced in war.

"Our infantry are acquiring a wonderful knack in dealing with the German concrete machine-gun forts. They creep up to them and bomb the runners out, or they creep behind, and the bayonet does the rest.

"The cement war will not save the Germans. But it may well lengthen their power of resistance. It is next to impossible to sweep through such positions. They have to be dealt with in detail. That means time. Faced with them, artillery becomes automatically revolutionized. The siege gun of yesterday has to be the field gun of today. An 18-pounder is of no use against a five foot of concrete. You must bring up the 6-inch, the 8-inch and even the mighty 9.1.

"This makes another thing necessary. Road-building methods have to be transformed. When the Hun tries to destroy every road he can blowing great craters in them. The only way to get where such roads are to look on the maps. All trace of them has gone. Now there must be good roads to bring the heavier forward. We can only follow a retreat to the limit of our gun-fire range.

"Behind the fighting battalions there will have to be special road-making corps, with great stocks of material ready, prepared to jump in after the fighters, fill up the holes, spring the hidden traps and put down plank paths so that the guns can come up.

"The heart of our problem of advance will lie in the villages. The reason is plain. It is almost impossible to destroy completely by gunfire any collection of houses. Nearly always some broken wall remains. Much no runners can stand behind these. Strapped barbed wire need not harm them for a six-foot wall will give them ample cover against snipers. However, the resources of civilization are not exhausted, as Fritz may soon find out.

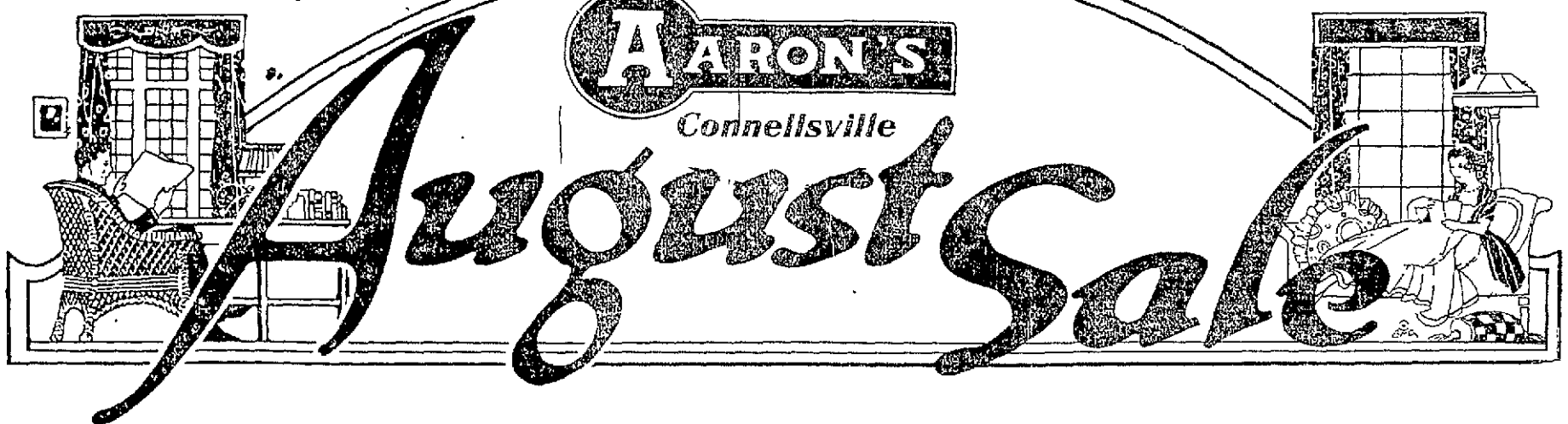
"The cement stage of the war makes our dependence on guns and munitions greater than ever before. To act on the assumption that Germany is already defeated or played out is to invite disaster. She is still strong. She may be able to fight for a long time yet."

"But continue to back up our men, as they are being backed up, with plenty of munitions, and give them ample supplies of new recruits, then our victory is as certain as anything on earth can be."

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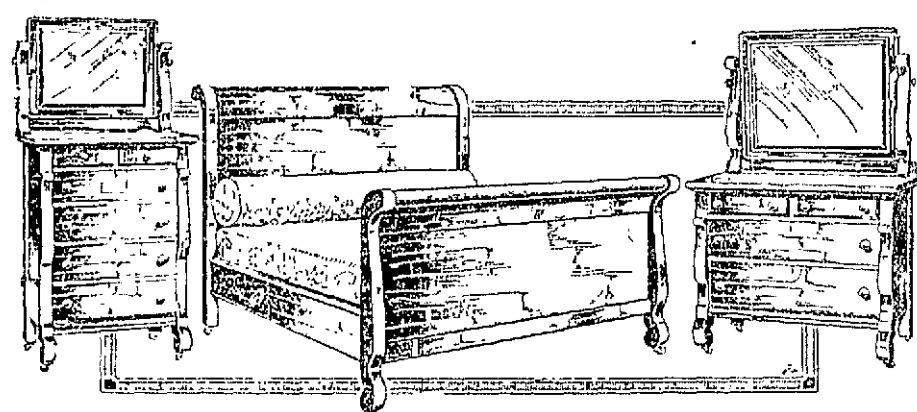
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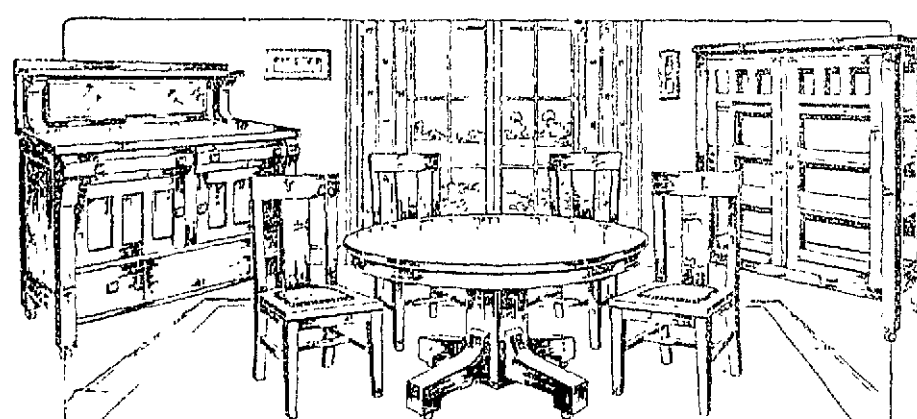
When a store offers the largest values of reliable merchandise obtainable, it doesn't take long for the people to find it out. This was plainly shown by the crowds of enthusiastic buyers that attended during the first week of Aaron's great money-saving August Sale.

Hundreds of people have already taken advantage of the 10% to 33 1/3% savings which we now offer on our complete line of highest quality Furniture, Rugs, Carpets, Stoves and Homefurnishings—they're more than gratified with the remarkable values they received. And hundreds more will take advantage of this sale before the month is over—it will pay you to be among them.

Every Article Just as Represented—Savings from 10% to 33 1/3%.

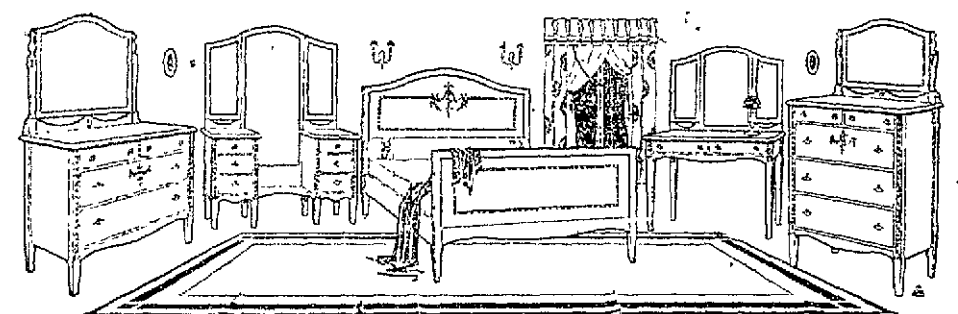


This \$28.00 Bed or Chiffonier. Made of Genuine Quarter Sawed Oak. **19.75**
Bureau - - - \$27.50 Dressing Table - \$19.75



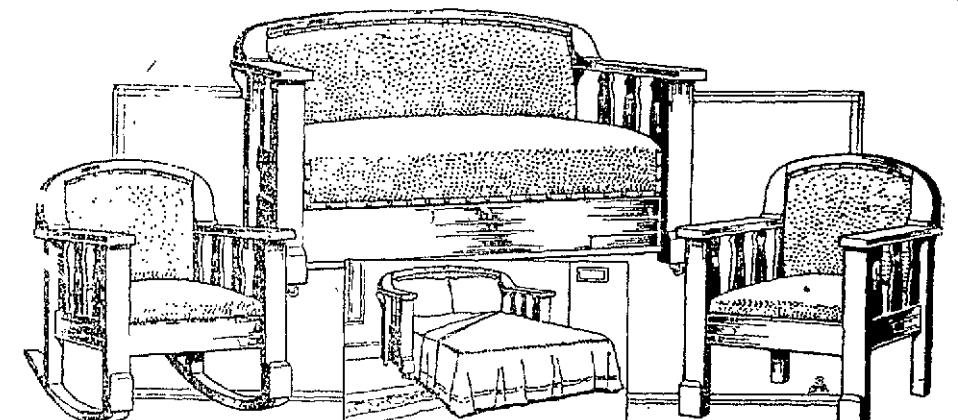
This Genuine Quarter Sawed Oak Dining Room Suite. **90.00**

This design is the old stand-by of the furniture world. It is one that is popular everywhere with folks that desire quality. In every detail it is exactly like the above illustration. Extremely massive and all the pieces of generous proportions. BUFFET IS FIFTY-FOUR INCHES LONG, which is an example of the size of the pieces included in this suite. Buying this suite for \$90.00 is like investing money, because furniture is rising in price and so in purchasing this suite you really invest money.



Five Beautiful Pieces in Antique Ivory **195.00**
Special August Sale Price.

It is built of hardwood, and smooth-dressed as carefully as if a natural stain were to be applied. This assures a smooth enamel finish, and since it adheres best to carefully finished wood, the enamel finish is a lasting one. The Adam design in which this suite is built has never been better adapted. The dainty moulding and the wrenthel characteristic to the Adam design have been added by hand, with a care coming only of hand-decoration. The dignified, urn-like tips on the mirror-supports will stay on. A notable feature of this new "vandy stand," with a triplicate, full-length mirror. There has been no sacrifice of sturdiness to attain the delicate Adam beauty. Slender of line and graceful in proportion, you will take great pride in your bedroom furnished with this suite. Easily cleaned, you will find a practical, besides the artistic advantage of antique ivory as a finish for furniture.



This \$50.00 Genuine Quarter Sawed Oak Davenport Bed. **33.75**

Rockers - - - \$12.75 Chair - - - \$12.75
This massive Genuine Quarter Sawed Oak Davenport Suite is covered with the best grade of Genuine Chase Imitation Leather, and it is very difficult to distinguish it from Genuine Leather. It is large, comfortable and substantial.

\$5.00 Reduction Sale Ends Saturday

Only one more day of the "Hoosier Special" Sale left. So if you want to enjoy this \$5.00 August Sale Saving you'll have to act quickly.

It costs you nothing to investigate—come in and see these Exclusive Hoosier Ideas.

The sliding table top—39 by 42 inches—is genuine porcelain—a wonderful new discovery.

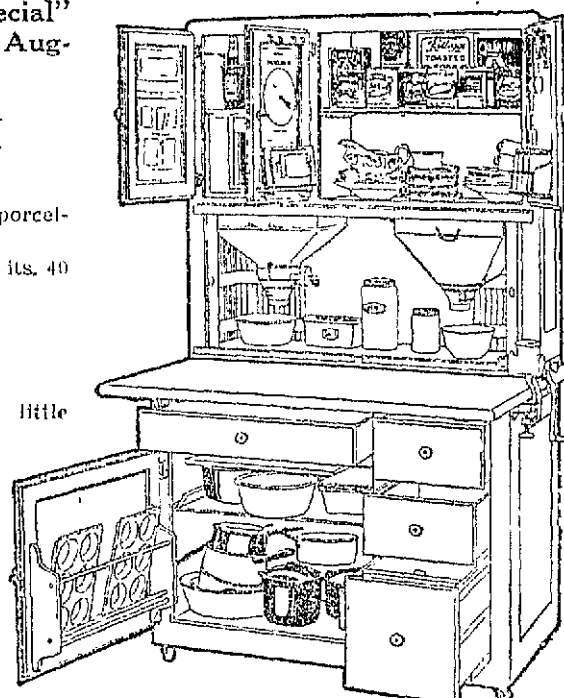
Here are five Hoosier improvements—examples of its 40 labor-saving features.

All-Metal Glass-Front Flour Bin.
Gear-Driven Shaker Flour Sifter.
Big-Capacity Sugar Bin.
New Roll Doors that slip out for cleaning.
Big Board Cupboard Work-Space uncluttered with little partitions.

But you can't judge "Hoosier's" usefulness by any of its details. You must use it daily in your kitchen to get the whole effect—to realize the meal-time delights, the life-long service it brings.

We Save You a Dollar a Minute

It won't take you over five minutes to decide when you see this unbeatable bargain. And in that five minutes you save \$5.



Remember: The Sale Closes Saturday Night—There will be no more at this reduction when these are gone.

Of Interest to Rug Buyers

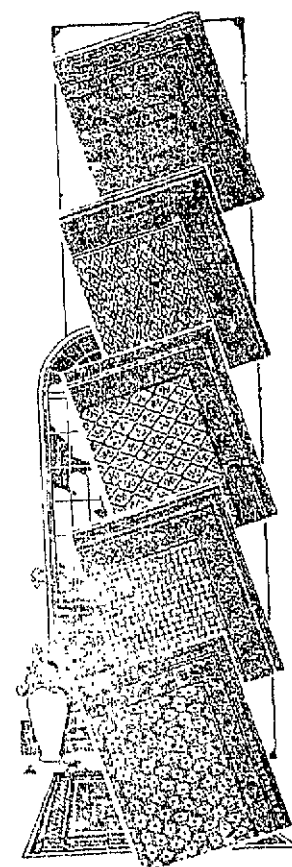
At Aaron's you have the largest variety, the newest patterns and the latest styles of Rug and Floor Coverings to choose from. Not only that, but the prices are from 10% to 33 1/3% lower than you'll find in any other stores.

They're all of reliable make and of thoroughly dependable quality—guaranteed to give complete satisfaction.

Here are just a few examples of the August Sale Savings that you enjoy:

\$24.00 9x12 Genuine Seamless Tapestry Brussels Rug.	15.75
\$36.00 9x12 Highest Grade Seamless Tapestry Brussels Rug.	26.50
\$40.00 9x12 High Grade Seamless Axminster Rug.	29.50
9x12 Whittall Genuine Body Brussels Rug. High Quality.	38.75
\$55.00 9x12 Genuine Wilton Rug.	44.50

Our Rug Department is in charge of an expert and we employ only experienced carpet and rug layers—providing every assurance for your complete satisfaction.



SHIPMENTS OF COKE FELL OFF OVER 46,000 TONS LAST WEEK

Result of "General Humidity's"
Drive, Added By Drop
In Car Supply.

RAIL TONNAGE THE LOSER

Showing Combined Effects of the Hot
Weather and Recession in Car Sup-
ply: Coke Workers Petition, Few
Asking for Exemption From Draft.

In his "drive" upon coke production and shipments last week "General Humidity" exacted a somewhat heavier toll than was expected. "General High Temperature" joined forces with the troublesome raider who usually flies the month of August for his appearance, and both seemed so encouraged by the success of their campaign, and the aid and comfort given them by the good old south, "Poor Car Supply," that they kept hammering away for several days in succession. Under the combined attacks there was nothing to do for the coke drawers on the yards of the hand-drawn oven plants but to retreat in as good order as possible to cooler, if not also safer, spots. Checking up the spoils of the raid it is found that coke shipments sustained casualties footing up more than 46,000 tons, while production suffered proportionately, although somewhat less in the aggregate. The combined river and rail shipments were 323,946 tons, as against 370,618 of the previous week. Rail shipments alone dropped to 215,910, as compared with 300,518 moved by rail the week before. River shipments held to 10,000 for both weeks. The loss of 16,672 tons was therefore confined to rail shipment, showing to what extent a recession in car supply, coming in the week of hottest weather, was able to do to the trade. Car supply last week at plants served by the Pennsylvania railroad, was near 30%. In consequence of congestion in Youngstown and other yards the Monongahela railroad had about 50% distribution. This is a condition which still prevails and is augmented by a temporary embargo on all westbound fuel except coke and by-product coal. This week the car supply has ranged from 75% on Monday; 70% on Tuesday and 60% yesterday. Coal cars are almost a negligible quantity, some of the roads making distribution for railroad fuel only, with practically none available for commercial shipments.

The ultimate effect of the draft upon coke region labor supply cannot be determined for some time. Almost without exception the workers are showing a fine spirit of patriotism and only in rare instances are they asking exemption even when entitled to it under the rules and regulations. Comparatively few men are failing to pass the physical tests, the workers as a class, being a finely conditioned body of men.

Estimated production of coke for the week places the total at 335,073 tons. As this includes some coke used to partially load cars, which have been about 11,000 tons in excess of shipments, this had a partial offset in 1,000 tons of stock lifted at the furnace plants. The ovens at the latter produced 307,575 tons, a decrease of 22,135 tons and the merchant ovens made 127,298, a decrease of 10,417 tons from the previous week. By districts the Connellsville made 133,375 tons, a loss of 18,410 tons, and the Lower Connellsville 151,194 tons, or a loss of 12,772 tons, or a total decrease of 32,282 tons.

Shipments by rail for the week ending Saturday, August 4, aggregated 215,910 tons, carrying 312,546 tons, considered as follows:

The river shipments of 10,000 tons increased the shipments to Pittsburgh to 115,910 tons, and in Western points to 190,727 tons, and the aggregate movement from the region to 225,946 tons.

Shipments declined to all destinations as follows: Pittsburgh, 9,720; West of Pittsburgh, 1,270; East of Pittsburgh, 1,270; West of Connellsville, 1,270; East of Connellsville, 1,270.

At the Theatres

THE PARAMOUNT.
THE LITTLE TIGER. A new part played in which Violet Messer plays a dual role, impersonating the mother, who eventually dies, and then the orphan girl who grows up to a life of adventure with a circus being presented today. Her destiny is not to remain with the show, although born with it. The future becomes a black smudge when her father is killed. The greedy old grandfather, a millionaire, comes forward, demands the girl for adoption and as his heir. Then came the moment when the girl must choose between money and the circus. After she is transplanted to high society she becomes the object of ambitious suitors, but at the end thwarted conspiracy and marriage the man she loves. There are many sensations in the picture that will sustain the interest of the theatregoers to the very end. Mrs. Messer is supported by a cast of unusual excellence. Life with a circus, the free of travel, excitement and the care-free life under canvas are demonstrated in the picture. Tomorrow, Roscoe Barrabee, the Tranche star, will be seen in "The House of Man," five part drama of intense interest.

Classified Advertisements
When used in The Daily Courier al-
ways bring results. Try them.

Read The Daily Courier.

EX-PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER ENLISTS IN THE GREAT ARMY OF CANNERS



MISS HELEN TAFT AT WORK

Miss Helen Taft, daughter of former President William H. Taft, is helping in the food conservation movement. She was recently elected dean of Bryn Mawr college. She has joined a "Farmorette" colony near West Chester, Pa., and is shown here with other Bryn Mawr girls stringing beans. She is enthusiastic over the work of growing and canning vegetables.

EVERS ENJOYS A PANNING BEE

Was Ready With Answer For
Brooklyn Fans.

LIKES VERBAL HOSTILITIES

Whenever Johnny Evers went to Brooklyn for a series between the Braves and the Superbas at Ebbets field the Brooklyn fans and the former Boston captain made it a holiday. The Brooklyn rosters, especially those who sit behind the visiting players' bench, liked to "ride" the scrappy little leader of the Braves, and the "Bride of Troy" fairly revelled in exchanging repartee with all and sundry who attempted to match their wit against his. Johnny said it was the same all over the circuit, but he found the Ebbets beldams the most rabid.

The regulars still recall the incident in one of last year's games when an error by Evers in an early inning gave the Superbas a lead of one run, and the fans kept up a continuous chant, "Johnny lost the game; Johnny lost the game!" This continued until the ninth, when, with men on second and third and two out, Evers came up and slammed out a single that won for Boston. As the Braves came in from the field after the Superbas had been retired scoreless in the final half they chanted as they paraded in front of the grandstand, "Johnny lost the game! Johnny lost the game! Yes, he didn't!"

During a spring series many fans gathered behind the Boston players' bench and resumed verbal hostilities with Evers, who was nothing loath. It was just his lot for the bunch which occupies the front row and coaches the Brooklyn players when the Superbas got a four run lead on Jess Barnes in the first game of the double header. "Oh, Johnny!" yelled one fan, "when are you going to win a ball game?" "Why, we're going to win this one," shot back Evers. "We're only kidding you fellows along till the ninth." "Yes, you are!" was the reply. "Why, you're bound for the Old Man's home." "Sure I am. But don't you wish you were getting mine?"

Johnny returned to his salary, of course, and it was a temporary knock-out. But the fan took the count of nine and came back with, "You're out long for this life, Johnny. Your feet are hurting you." "Yes, but I'm doing pretty well with my tongue. That's keeping me in the game."

Along came that ninth inning and the great Boston rally in which the Braves knocked Wheeler Dell out of the box, piled up five runs and won the game. Coming back to the bench from the coaching lines Johnny faced the "light little managers" who had yelled themselves hoarse trying to encourage Dell and then to have him taken out, and said in a sepulchral voice: "Well, didn't I tell you we were kidding you along? We waited until the ninth and then took the game."

Asked for 3 players; got 1
Williams Was Pitcher, Infielder and Outfielder.

The manager of the Quincey team of the Three I League, wired Scout Charles Barrett of the Detroit Tigers, "I need a pitcher, infielder and outfielder."

"He is on his way," answered Barrett. "His name is Williams."

Hot weather is hard on people troubled with their stomach and bowels. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is just what you need; regulates the bowels, tones and cleans the stomach. Take it and be cool and happy. Connellsville Drug Co., Adc.

Observes a Medical Maxim.
A variation of 100 degrees of temperature between Manitoba and the Gulf goes to show that Uncle Sam observes the medical maxim, "Keep your head cool and your feet warm." Omaha Bee.

Baseball at a Glance

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Pittsburg 5; Philadelphia 1.
Brooklyn 3; Chicago 3.
New York 1; St. Louis 1.
Boston 4; Cincinnati 4-Rain.

Standings of the Clubs

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	64	41	.611
Philadelphia	50	55	.476
St. Louis	55	50	.520
Cincinnati	56	55	.511
Chicago	52	52	.500
Brooklyn	49	59	.450
Boston	42	54	.437
Pittsburg	32	67	.323

Today's Schedule

Philadelphia at Pittsburg.
New York at St. Louis.
Brooklyn at Chicago.
Boston at Cincinnati.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
St. Louis 2; Philadelphia 0.
Chicago 3; Washington 0.
Cleveland 5; New York 2.
Detroit 6; Boston 1-Rain.

Standings of the Clubs

	W.	L.	Pct.
Chicago	67	46	.592
Boston	61	49	.554
Cleveland	58	51	.529
Detroit	55	59	.482
New York	52	50	.510
Washington	46	58	.442
Philadelphia	38	62	.380
St. Louis	39	67	.365

Today's Schedule

Detroit at Boston.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at New York.
Chicago at Washington.

CAMP WOULD CONSULT GRADS.

Dean of Yale Gridiron Authorities Has
Plan About Athletics.

Walter Camp, dean of Yale gridiron authorities, comes forward with a suggestion. In order to settle the question as to whether football shall be continued and this fall be recommended as a stronger letter to alumni of colleges asking them to subscribe to suits provided they favor the retention of the game.

"By adopting this means," states Mr. Camp, "the university authorities would know positively what they can afford to expend in preparation and in time to get understanding, and their word would be accepted loyally if they determined that conditions in the fall made it inadvisable to have football. No one is desirous of forgetting the serious business at hand, but a clearer understanding of the situation would help on all sides. The chances are that such a course would clear the way for football and general athletics of a character less dependent upon large expenditures, but quite enough to furnish interest and relaxation from what would otherwise be too depressing influences."

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To All Parts of Region.
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NOTARY PUBLIC
AND REAL ESTATE
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Connellsville, Pa.

August Clean-Up

STARTS TOMORROW
DON'T MISS THIS SALE
COME AND GET SOME GREAT VALUES

Any Women or Misses' Suit In the Store Up to \$30.00 Values. Final Clean-Up \$8.99
Silk or Cloth

SILK DRESSES Up to \$15 Values, all the latest styles and colors, final Clean-Up for \$4.39

Women's and Misses' Coats All Up-to-Date Styles Up to \$12.50 Values For \$3.99

EXTRA SPECIALS FOR TOMORROW

Men's \$1 Union Suits in Athletic, also fine Bathing-gown quality. Special	50c Corset Covers, fine quality. Napsook, all prettily trimmed with ribbon and embroidery. Special	75c Ladies' large Bungalow Aprons, light and dark. Percales. Special	Men's \$1.50 genuine Indigo Blue Overalls, good heavy quality. Special	One lot of Children's Oxfords, up to \$1.75 value. Special
49c	35c	49c	99c	98c

Special One Lot of Ladies' and Misses' HAT SHAPES, up to \$3 Values for 19c
Final Clean-Up Of All WASH SKIRTS \$1.00 to \$1.50 Wash Skirts 69c
Up to \$2.00 White and Striped Skirts for 99c
Up to \$5.00 White and Fancy Wash Skirts for \$1.79
Special One Lot of Men's \$3.50 Dress Shoes in button or lace. Special for \$1.99

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Green Stamps
BAZAR DEPT STORE
212-N-PITTSBURG ST. 216
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.
Special One Lot of Ladies' House and Porch Dresses in light and dark colors, regular \$2 values for 49c

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120 W. Crawford Ave., formerly Main, Connellsville, Pa.
"The Bank That Does Things for You."
Liberal Interest on Time Deposits.

Serves over ONE HUNDRED Municipalities and Villages in SEVEN COUNTIES, having a population of over 500,000.

This Great System is at Your Command. Let our Experts advise you on matters of Light and Power.

A card or telephone call to any of the above offices will bring our representative.

WEST PENN POWER CO.

The Man With a Future

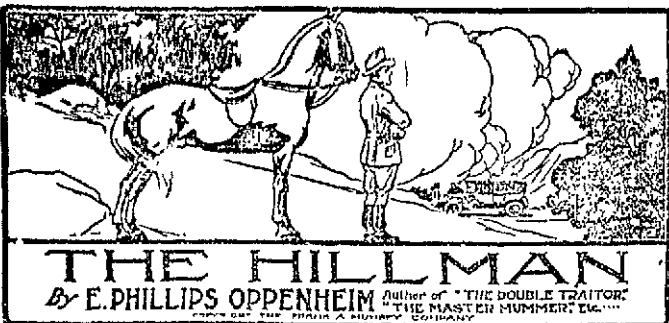
is the saving man—he sets a good pace on the road of thrift, and looks ahead to success as his goal. An account with us will give you the desired incentive—start it now.
3% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

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"Assert it, then," she cried defiantly. "Do what you will. Go to him this minute, if you have courage enough. If it seems to you well," "Hail, indeed! 'Hail!' I have the one right word for you," she said, looking at him so earnestly that he was forced to go to her. "Kiss me, and send to the man who loves! That is the only claim and the only right I recognize, and I am giving myself to him, when he wants me, for ever!"

She stopped suddenly. Neither of them had a word to say. Knock at the door. Allice had entered with the tea. There was a moment of silence. "Put it down here by my side, Allice," her mistress ordered, "and show the picture of Sygne out."

As she did so, the door opened. For a single moment the picture hesitated. Then he picked up his hat and bowed. "Perhaps," he said, "the rest is not so 'last word'."

John came back to town on his Cumberland horse, telling him-of it all had gone by well as he had expected. He had done his duty. He had told Stephen his news, and they had parted friends. Yet all the time he was conscious of an undercurrent of disconcerting thoughts.

Louise met him at the station, and he fancied that by expression, too, although she welcomed him gallantly enough, was a little anxious.

"Well?" she asked, as she took his arm and led him to where her limousine was waiting. "What did that terrible brother of yours say?"

John made a little grimace.

"It might have been worse," he declared. "Stephen wasn't pleased, of course. He said that the police and he always will. That is because he will insist upon dwelling upon certain unhappy incidents of our family history."

"I shall never forget the morning he came to call on me," Louise sighed. "He threatened all sorts of terrible things if I did not give you up."
"Why didn't you tell me about it?" John asked.
"I thought it might worry you," she replied, "and it couldn't do any good. He believed he was doing his duty. John, you are sure about yourself, aren't you?"
He was a little startled by the earnestness of her words. She seemed pale and fragile, her eyes larger and deeper than usual, and her mouth trembled. She was like a child with the shadow of some foreboding over her. He thought he had held her tightly to him.
Her lips sought his and clung to them. A queer little wave of passion seemed to have seized her. Half crying, half laughing, she pressed her face against his. "I do not want to let tonight. I do not want to play, even to the most wonderful audience in the world. I do not want to shake hands with many gentlemen, I would like that hateful convention. I think I want nothing else in the world but you!"

She lay, for a moment, passive in his arms. He smoothed her hair and kissed her tenderly. Then he led her back to her place upon the couch, after emotional mood, while it fluttered

her Lips Sought His and Clung to Them.

tion in a house, did nothing to quiet the little demons of unrest that pulled away, now and then, at his heart's strings.

"What is this preoccupation," he asked. She made a little grimace.

"It is a French woman from the English stage to the French company that has come over to play at the new French theater," she told him. "Sir Edward and I are to receive them. You will come will you not? I am the hostess of the evening."

"Then I am not likely to refuse, am I?" he asked, smiling. "Shall I come to the theater?"

"Come straight to the reception at the Whitehall rooms," she begged. "Sir Edward is waiting for me, and Gertrude will go down with me. Later, if you are to, you can drive me home."

"Don't you think," he suggested, "that it would be rather a good opportunity to announce our engagement?"

"Not tonight," she protested. "You know, I cannot soon believe in myself except when I am with you and we are alone." It seems too wonderful after all these years. Do you know, John, that I am nearly thirty?"

"Laughed.

"How pathetic! All the time reason, I should say, why we should let people know about it as soon as possible."

"There is no particular hurry," she

ment. Then she took John's arm and led him to the buffet.

"Give me an ice and a cigarette will you, please? You are a dear, fine, practical person but you are as much out of this world as a human being well could be."

"John waited upon her without any further remark. The prince of Sayre, passing through, bowed to them. John looked after his retreating figure. An irresistible impulse seized him.

"Sophy," he asked, sitting down by her side, "tell me, why have the prince and Louise always been such great friends?"

Sophy looked steadfastly at her ice

"I suppose because the price is a very clever and cultivated person," she said. "He has been of great assistance to Louise several times. It was for her husband and father-in-law when he put on this play of Graillet's. Graillet hasn't a penny, you know, and poor Mlle was almost broke after three failures."

"That was just an investment," John remarked irritably. "He will get his money back again."

"Of course," Sophy agreed. "I think the price generally manages to get what he wants for her does in life."

"You don't think Louise ever thought of caring for him, do you?" John persisted.

Sophy paused until she had lit a cigarette. The expression in her face, when she looked up at John, irritated him vaguely. It was as if she were talking to a child.

"I think," she said, "you had better ask Louise that question yourself; don't you?"

* * *

He asked if an hour or so later, when at least the party of guests had taken their leave, and, somewhat to the well-bred surprise of the one or two friends who lingered, Louise had beckoned to John to take her out to her car. Her hand had sought his at once, her head rested a little wearily but very contentedly upon his shoulder.

"Louise, dear," he began, "I asked Sophy a question tonight which I ought to have asked you. Quite properly, she told me so."

"Nice little soul, Sophy!" Louise murmured. "What was it, John?"

"Once or twice I have wondered," he went on, "whether you have ever cared to any sort of way, or come near to caring, for the price of such a thing."

For a moment she made no movement. Then she turned her head and looked at him. The sleepy content

"Why do you ask?"

"Isn't it quite a natural question from a Jewish man who believes that everyone who sees you must be in love with you? You have seen a great deal of the prince, haven't you, in the last few years? He understands your art. There are many things that you understand in common."

Louise was looking out of the window at the thin stream of people still passing along Piccadilly. She seemed suddenly to have become only the shadow of her former brilliant self.

"I think that once—perhaps twice," she confessed, "I came very near to caring for him."

"And how?"

"And now," she repeated, suddenly gripping John's hand, "I tell you that I wish I never had met him. So much for the prince! In ten minutes we shall be at home, and you are such a dear stupid about coming in. You must try to say all the nice things in the world to me quickly—in ten minutes."

"How shall I begin?" he whispered. She looked once more toward him.

"You don't need any hints," she murmured. "You're really quite good at it."

CHAPTER XX.

Five or six minutes passed very much too quietly. She was gone, and John thrilled though he was though all his senses by the almost passionate fervor of her love-making, found himself once more confronted by that little black demon. There was something about all of them, all these people whom he knew to be his friends, which seemed to him to savor of a conspiracy. There was nothing that could be put into definite shape—just the ghost of torturing, impossible thoughts. He was in no humor to go home. Changing the order he had first given to the chauffeur, he was driven instead to a small Bohemian club which he had joined at Gruller's instigation. He had a vague hope that he might find the great dramatic writers. There were no signs of him, however, in the smoking room, or anyone else whom John knew.

He threw himself into an easy chair and ordered a whisky-and-soda. Two men close at hand were writing at desks; others were lounging about, discussing the evening's reception. One

man, sitting upon the table, a recognized authority, was treating the company to a fluent dissertation upon modern actresses, winding up by congratulating Louise Maurel's style with that of her chief French rival. John found himself listening with pleasure to the man's opinion was certainly unimpeachable to Louise.

"It is only in the little shadow of emotionalism," the latter observed, "that these French actresses get at what there is in them. They have a little more completely over than Louise Maurel. Do you know the reason? I'll tell you. It is because they live the life. They have a dozen new emotions in a season. They make a habit of feeling. They use their brains to dissect their passions. They cut their own life into small pieces and make use of the result without conceit."

"Where?" asked the young man, anywhere. This Mme. Latrobe, who comes over here tomorrow night, is in love at the present moment with Jean Tournet. She had an affair with that Italian poet in the summer so they say. She was certainly in Madrid in October with Brechold, the sculptor. These men are all great artists. Think what she must have learned from associating with them! Now Louise Maurel so far as we know, has never had but one affair, the prince of Sorey, and has been faithful to him all the time."

It was out at last! John had heard it spoken in plain words. The black demon upon which his hand had lain so heavily, was alive now, without a

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Look at Your Winter Apparel! Are the noths bothering it? Better play safe and get a Red Cedar Chest. A cedar chest is the only real protection against moths. We have some beauties at very moderate prices. Here's a great bargain for only **\$12.75**



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You'll pay fully one-third more than at this August Clearance if you wait until fall to place your order. Our present price of this one, with five, instead of seven fillers is only **\$7.75**
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Dressers

The Latest and Mos Up-to-date Styles.
A number of Odd Dressers at Bargain Prices including odd dressers from suites as well as all floor samples
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A few Buffets that have been on display as floor samples, way under price. Here is one that you'll not be able to duplicate this Fall for less than **\$27.50**, now only **\$19.75**



COMPARISON ALWAYS PROVE - "YOU'LL DO BETTER" AT

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...looking at him, looking at him alive and self-possessed in the shadows of the elderly, well-bred man lounged upon the table.

For a moment or two John was stoned. A wild impulse assailed him to leap up and confront them all, to strike the back down the throat the man who had uttered it. Every vein in his body was tingling with desire for action. The stupor of sense alone kept him motionless, a strange, inconspicuous clear of thought. He realized exactly things were. This man had not been idly, or as a scoundrel, had spoken what he had accepted a fact, what other people believed in. John rose to his feet and made his way toward the door. His face showed the sign of disturbance. He even looked to some men whom he knew lately. As he passed down the stairs, he met Gralliot. "Then once more his control became in danger. He accepted the Frenchman savagely by the throat."

"Come this way," he said, leading toward the end-room. "Come in here. I want to speak to you."

He looked the door—a most unkind—and from a peculiar proceeding, that felt the coming of the storm.

"Well!" he exclaimed calmly. "Trouble already, eh? I see it in your face young man. Out with it!"

"I was sitting in the smoking room there, a few moments ago," he began jerking his head toward the door. "There were some men talking—do you fellows, not dirty scandal-mongers. They spoke of Louise Maurel."

Gralliot nodded gravely. He knew very well what was coming.

John felt his throat suddenly dry. The words he would have spoken choked him. He banged his fist upon the table by the side of which they were standing.

"Look, here, Gralliot," he cried, almost piteously, "you know it is not true, nor likely to be true! Can't you say so?"

"Stop, my young friend!" the Frenchman interrupted. "I know nothing. It is a habit of mine to know nothing when people make suggestions of that sort. I make no inquiries. I accept life and people as I find them."

"But you don't believe that such a thing could be possible?"

"Why not?" Gralliot asked steadily. John could do no more than mutter a repetition of his words. "The world was drifting away from John. I will not discuss this matter with you, my friend. I will only ask you to remember the views of the world in which we live. Louise Maurel is an artist, a great artist. If there has been such an affair as you suggest, between her and any man, if it were something which appealed to her affections, it is my opinion that she would not hesitate. You seem to think it an outrageous thing that the prince should have been her lover. To be perfectly frank, I do not. I should be very much more surprised at her marriage."

John made his escape somehow. He remembered opening the door, but he had no recollection of reaching the street. A few minutes later, however, he found himself sliding down Piccadilly toward Hyde Park corner.

He found a taxi and was driven toward the Mall. He was conscious of a wild desire to keep away from his room. Every pulse in his body was throbbing. He was fiercely awake for action, action, excitement of any sort. Suddenly he remembered the night club to which he had been introduced by Sophy on the first night of his arrival in London. The address, too, was there quite clearly in his disordered brain. He leaped out of the cab and repeated it to the driver.

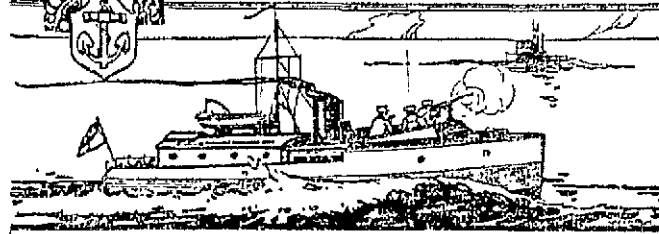


"Look Here, Gralliot, You Know It Is Not True."

TO BE CONTINUED

und which Joseph H. Kottel was
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 signed on page 175.

SEA SLUG STORIES



Thrilling Tales of U Boat Hunting, Told by an American Boy Who Served For Months With the British Patrol and Who Did the Thrilling and Perilous Work That Is Now Being Done by Hundreds of Other American Boys.

No. 1 Chasing U Boats With Sea Slugs

By
A SEA SLUG,
British Service Name For Crews
of Submarine Chasers.
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PROLOGUE.
The author of this series of four articles is a young American, who has spent most of his time since the war started with the British patrol fleet, taking an important part in helping to organize that branch of the service known as the Sea Slugs (submarine chasers).

He has accumulated a remarkable collection of anecdotes incident to this exciting branch of the service, and many of these are presented in the series in which he took part and which make one of the stirring narratives to come out of the war. He recently returned to the United States to assist the American navy in organizing the same branch of the service and should be of great value because of his experience abroad. So far as known he is the only American who served with the British patrol fleet in the advent of our destroyer flotilla in British waters of course some of his experiences, of military value to the enemy, cannot be related. At the request of the service publication of his name is withheld.

WE were all sitting around tables in "The Kait," at Keppeler's Head, drinking pink gin and "It," "It" being Austro-Hungarian. We were a crowd of "sea slugs," as those who man the U boat chasers are commonly and unflatteringly called by the rest of the service.

"They can talk all they want about the science of submarine busting," said one of the boys, "but there's just one thing that gets submarines—luck. All the schemes the wise heads devise can't come up to one little piece of good fortune."

"Right," said a subaltern who had just whispered something into the ear of Sam, the girl who serves drinks at "The Kait." "You take Max Horton, now, the man who torpedoed the Moltke."

"The whole thing is mostly luck. It's luck when we get a sub, and it's luck when a sub gets anything. I had this yarn straight from Max himself."

"He was submerged in one of our subs, an E boat, somewhere under the ocean, and the plumb went out of commission. It isn't very pleasant in a submarine anyway. The smells and the stale air when you are running submerged are enough to make any man sick who never turned a hair at the toughest sea while he was afloat."

"Well, as I was saying, the plumb went out of commission. Just as Horton was dressing and had washed up. He hadn't put his trousers on as yet. He ordered the craft to the surface so one of the mechanics could make repairs to the plumbing and meanwhile went on dressing."

Surprised at Seeing Moltke.

"He was standing on one foot while sticking the other through a trussers' belt just as the periscope of the submarine stuck out above the surface."

"Suddenly a seaman broke into his cabin and yelled, 'There's a German warship on our starboard quarter, sir!'"

"Max leaped himself free of his trussers quicker than you could wink and in a matter of seconds he was bent over one of the forward torpedo tubes sighting on the vessel ahead of him. The silhouette book showed she was the battle cruiser Moltke."

"Whizz-z-z-z sang the torpedo. Bang! went the Moltke. Max submerged again and finished putting on his trousers. Rather clever, don't you think—standing there with his shirt tails down and putting a German battleship?"

"That's a good deal like!" began one of the other boys, but before he could finish the sentence a messenger came in and spoke to the "Brass Hat," who was manning us, which is to say he spoke to the senior officer.

"Over on, old chap," said that individual. "We can't wait for the last ditch son is bringing. A little bit on our hands."

As we lay down the wharf the men in the chasers started the motors, and by the time we had tumbled pell-mell into the water they were ready to get away.

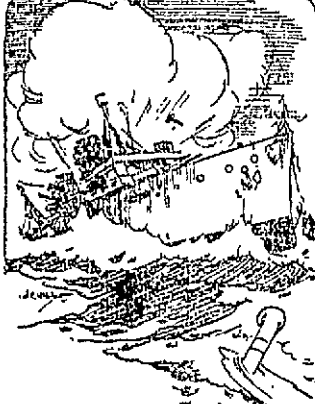
Spreading through the Solent, still ignorant of our recent escape from the Brass Hat, we passed miles of shipping tied up in the harbor waiting for orders or to be unloaded.

Later on the Brass Hat, whose boat was leading the line because of his rank, signaled to us that we were after a submarine which a hydroplane had sighted off the Isle of Wight.

The U Boat Chase.

There was a short distance was a patrol boat lying very low in the water and firing distress signals. We ran over to her and learned that about an hour before the periscope of a submarine had been seen up not far from here; then the craft had submerged, appeared again about a mile away and fired four shots, which let it enough water slowly to sink the patrol, which before the war had been nothing but a dirty little trawler.

Finding the crew of the patrol could care of themselves in their small



"Whizz-z-z-z sang the torpedo. Bang! went the Moltke."

boats and learning that the submarine had run over to the westward, where we knew chain net traps to be laid, we elected in that direction.

Our powerful motors thrummed evenly. The water seemed to part ahead of us, and the gunners sighted along the surface.

Suddenly off to the west we made out her periscope. Intense for thrilled our little crews. She was loathsome from us. She was between our circular course and the chain nets—in the trap. The periscope we had seen might be a dummy, for a submarine frequently casts loose a phony periscope to draw fire, but at any rate she must have been between us and the nets if she cut it loose.

Presently, probably after a look around, the periscope suddenly disappeared, and we knew it was a real one with a German U boat on the end of it.

The Brass Hat, in his own boat, was, of course, in the lead. That was his prerogative as well as his duty. Like a flock of falcons we were swooping down on the prey.

Absently the lead boat comes to a dead stop and lists heavily to starboard. Evidently something is wrong. We see men crawl out over the stern and fish around with boat hooks and poles. Cold as it is one man goes overboard and remains under water so long we could not believe he would come up alive.

We can see the Brass Hat gesticulating as we run in closer. We can't hear what he is saying, but we have a pretty good idea. We've listened to him before when distressed. One of his men signals that the boat has fouled the chain nets. We wouldn't dare closer, but we are inclined that way. Everybody likes to put it over a Brass Hat, and now there are only five of us to share the glory at the finish. Each of us stands a better chance of being the one to give the submarine its cone.

Circling round in an even smaller radius, we search the water for a periscope, a shadow or the conventional "streak of dirty grease" or "line of bubbles."

Brass Hat Still Stranded.

The Brass Hat is signaling now for us to stop and help him out. Nobody pays any attention to those orders. He wants to run things and get the U boat himself, but we won't give him the chance. Later we will tell him we didn't see his distress signals. Now he tries to direct the procedure from where he is, but we are like a lot of bounds released from restraint. The one idea of our lives is to get that U boat.

All of us have towing torpedoes out. These are bombs on long cables which are towed astern and sink to a certain specified depth. If the cable fouls anything at all as the boat goes about the bomb pulls up to it, and when it bumps it explodes.

We are in line. Suddenly there is a crash and a roar just ahead of us. I am thrown off my feet. Barrels of water splash down into our cockpit and roll off the decks. The bow lifts itself clean for a second. I think that the submarine has blown us up. Perhaps I am dead already.

Then we settle down again, and except for a scared look on the faces of a couple of men and rather nervous, forced grin on the lips of others we are plowing ahead just as before.

Nothing has happened except the towing torpedo of the boat in front of us in the line fouled a submerged spar or a bit of wreckage and exploded right under our bow. "If we had been a few yards closer we would never have been there any more."

As we realized what had happened our tongues were loosened, and if the crew of the boat ahead could have heard what we said about them we would have lost their friendship most assuredly.

Way inshore, after a circling chase of perhaps twenty minutes, the submarine came up. She was in such shallow water that she probably was having trouble in operating submerged. She was gone then.

What followed was very businesslike. It illustrates the attitude the British have come to take toward the submarines because of their flagrant violations of every form of international law and decency. It is the attitude which any country obliged to fight against them will assume. To the British mind submarines must be exterminated just as one would exterminate a nest of poisonous vipers or a nest of hornets. People ask me how many submarines are being captured now. Very few. Many are destroyed, but few captured.

No sooner did the hull of the sub-

marine show itself than we began to hammer her with our three inch guns. She opened fire, but her shots went wild, and in a few seconds she disappeared.

As fast as we could we ran over to where she had gone down. If the principles the navy at large existed in submarine warfare we would have gone over to see if we could rescue any of the wounded, but it was a U boat, and we simply made sure that there was nothing left of the craft.

Some Bubbles, a Greasy Patch—That's All.

About where she went down a quantity of gas and air bubbles was visible, and the dirty patch of oil was once more in evidence. That was a pretty certain sign the career of one U boat was at an end, for the sea must have been pouring into her, and even though all her crew did not drown, once the salt water reached the storage batteries the churning would do the work.

But we are taking no chances. We circle round and round the spot and drop depth bombs—deadly machines. These are powerful explosives which are set so they will detonate at a certain depth. We first sounded the bottom and then set our bombs for ten fathoms. Suddenly I hear a cry from the boat behind us. One of the crew reaches out, grabs the collar of a man who has just dropped a depth bomb over the stern and yanks him unceremoniously into the cockpit. At a glance I see what has happened.

"The engineer has stalled his motor just as the bomb is let go. It sinks slowly, and there is a slight rumbling left in the submarine chaser. We hold our breath and watch in suspense, expecting any second to see our comrades buried into the air among a mushroom of water and splinters."

There is no way to help them. Suddenly there is a muffled roar, a column of water rises to what seems a hundred feet and falls back, drenching every one who is near it. Out of the water comes a small, dark, rounded object. The momentum of their boat has carried them just far enough to save them from being blown into atoms.

That is the second narrow escape for our little squadron in this chase after a single submarine.

The End of the U Boat.

But our work is done. There is no doubt now about the fate of the U boat. It is not necessary for one of the depth bombs actually to come in contact with the submerged craft to destroy it. When under water a submarine's rigidity is multiplied. Its elasticity is powerful as that of a depth bomb near it is almost certain to cripple it if not destroy it. It is the same principle as that which kills fish in a pond when dynamite is exploded beneath the surface of the water. The shock is sufficient to kill the men in the U boat, and so we glide along homeward secure in the knowledge that even if our gunfire did not finish the enemy the bombs have done the work. On the surface we notice swarms of dead fish.

We cut the Brass Hat free from the nets and listen to him curse, then return to Keppeler's Head and "The Kait," where Sam had our drinks waiting for us. The subaltern, who had been interrupted in his story when we went out



We Began to Hammer Her With Our Three Inch Guns.

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off the starboard bow, sir. Shall I fire?"

"No," ordered my friend. "It's probably one of our own. No such luck as for us to run into a German."

"With that the U boat sent a shattering blast past his ear, and he decided his luck was better than he had thought. His three inch gun began to spit, and the fire from the submarine stopped. A couple more shots from the chaser, and without any further sign of life on the U boat three suddenly was a big roar, a cloud of smoke, and she disappeared. They ran over to where she had been lying, but could not find a sign of her except for a few bubbles. These told of her fate. The last time I talked with that chap he hadn't seen a U boat since."

"Well, if our pal, D., had been as cautious as this fellow you tell about," said another subaltern, "he would have saved himself a lot of trouble and a howling ont. You boys all know D. He's mighty keen after U boats. He was cruising round off Peterhead last autumn, when all of a sudden he sighted one, only a few yards ahead. Just awash. She didn't seem to show any signs of life."

"D. is a merry chap, and to save time he decided to run full speed ahead and ram her instead of waiting to fire his guns. He crowded on every ounce of power he could and crashed down into the hull of the submarine."

"The shock as he struck her just about the middle knocked every one of his men off their feet and dented his own bow badly. When they picked themselves up there was one wild scramble to get forward with the lance bombs."

"The lance bombs, I might explain, are bombs fastened to instruments somewhat like harpoons which stick to the side of the submarine and explode. Their chief characteristic is their liability to go off before you can throw them and blow the boiler up."

"Well," the subaltern continued, "D. himself had grabbed a bomb and was just about to hurl it when he turned sick and his knees gave way under him. A hand had stuck out of the conning tower of the submarine, and an English rocket whizzed into the water."

"What is the matter with you? Are you trying to knock us loose from our steering post? Do you want a row?"

"It was an E boat. Both the submarine and the chaser had to go in for a row, and D. came uncomfortably near a court martial."

I have heard many incidents like this, and it explains why the British submarine service hates the Sea Slugs. Every time any kind of a submarine shows itself above water somebody is likely to take a pot shot at it.

San got us another round.

The three remaining installments of this remarkable personal narrative will appear soon. They are as follows:

No. 2—Life on the M. L.'s (Motor Launches).

Cruising at night in other blackies. liable to be shot to pieces by friendly batteries if late in getting into the harbor. At daylight and fighting of Turkish aeroplanes by rifle fire. The song of the Sea Slugs.

No. 3—A Motor Launch Raid on the Belgian Coast.

In which the little submarine chasers cruise at night, fired on by the German gunboats and land batteries and escaped across the mine fields once more. The British monitors, which are named after American generals, bombard the German coast until the Germans devised a method of locating them.

No. 4—Experiences at Dover.

Aeroplane bombard the barracks and the German gunboats. What happened on a destroyer the day after I had dinner on her with the officers when later I saw crashed and torn to death.

SHIPPING DAY OLD CHICKS.

As They Need No Water Nor Food For Sixty Hours It Is Easy.

When little chicks come from the shell they need neither water nor food for sixty hours. That fact has given rise to a new business. Day old chicks are sold and shipped by people who operate incubators. Those who buy are relieved of the trouble, of the incubation and to some extent of the uncertainty of hatching. Only a small percentage of day old chicks perish while on the way from shipper to customer. People are thus enabled to get the little chicks and begin the poultry business without the necessity of purchasing an incubator.

Special boxes of pasteboard are made for shipping purposes. Some have a capacity of twenty-five chicks, some of fifty and some of 100. It is found that no more than twenty-five shall in any case occupy a single compartment. The walls of the boxes are moderately thick, and some soft material as grass is put in the bottom. Otherwise there are no special provisions against cold weather. However, the chicks themselves may be depended upon to cluster together and in this way keep one another warm.

The boxes are not to be opened en route nor are the chicks to be given food or water. Successful shipments have been made for 2,000 miles.—Popular Science Monthly.

Tanned Skin.

In the majority of cases tanned skin is an indication of health. It is a condition resulting from the action of chemical rays or of the ultra violet rays of the sun on the pigment of the skin. The rays may be produced also by exposure to the rays of a mercury lamp or it may be caused electrically. But in these cases it is no indication of the state of health. It does not mean that there has been a multiplication of red corpuscles in the blood, such as follows harmful exercise in the open air. The tan acquired by the skin at sea or ashore as a result of life and exercise in the open air is always a sign of health, for the reason that it is accompanied by general conditions that do not obtain in the case of electric tan.—New York Times.

It Does Happen.

"I don't think the bulk of that Cinderella story ever came out."

"No?"

"I think she took off her slipper because it hurt her. I've seen ladies do that in restaurants many a time."—Kansas City Journal.

The energy which makes a child hard to manage is often the energy which makes him a manager of life.—H. W. Beecher.

WHAT SOFT COAL MINES ARE DOING FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Now the Subject of Inquiry
By the United States
Geological Survey.

OPERATORS COOPERATE

In Plan to Furnish Information of the
Real Status of Bituminous Coal; Accurately Locates and Fixes the
Causes of Decrease in Mine Output.

Weekly statistics showing what the soft-coal mines of the country are doing, and why they are not doing more, are now being collected by the United States Geological Survey under Secretary of the Interior Lano. In those strenuous times it is essential that the government, particularly the Committee on Coal Production, as well as the general coal-consuming public, be kept informed of exactly what the mines are bringing forth and what is more important, what is hindering greater output of the basic product, coal.

In submitting this first weekly report to Secretary Lano and the Coal Committee, Director Smith of the Geological Survey states that what has been accomplished in the six weeks since this statistical effort was begun, is largely due to the patriotic and prompt cooperation offered by the coal-trade associations' secretaries and the operators, whether members or nonmembers of associations.

These figures from all sources are reduced to a comparable basis by a force of statisticians under C. E. Leshor, of the Geological Survey, with the immediate purpose of showing what factors in each district are limiting production and shipments. With this information before it, the Committee on Coal Production is able to concentrate its efforts where the greatest stringency lies—whether, as in most localities, the trouble is lack of cars, or whether it is labor shortage.

The operators realizing that their interest lies in having this information promptly available, their support of this work, although it involves additional labor on their part, has been prompt and hearty.

The first figures available give comparison of the first week of July with two weeks of June and are those furnished by the already organized trade organizations, which represent about 25 per cent of the production of the country. Some of the important producing districts, particularly Alabama, West Virginia, parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the territory from Texas to Iowa, figures from which are not shown in this first statement, are being rapidly organized for this purpose and have already furnished partial information. The weekly reports that will follow hereafter will include successively greater tonnage and be more representative of the total.

The districts covered by this statement are distributed over a large producing area and are indicative of what is happening in the coal-mining industry. A more general idea of the total production, but without indication of the causes of the loss of working time at the mines, will be found in the monthly bulletins issued by the Geological Survey, which are based on the daily, weekly, and monthly reports furnished by railroads originating more than 55 per cent of the coal production of the United States, which bulletins are now being supplanted by these weekly studies of the particular causes hampering greater output at the mines.

For the three weeks reported, it will be noted that the average loss was fully one-half million tons which would indicate that the weekly output of mines of the whole country is not less than two million tons below full-time capacity. By far the greatest factor concerned in the losses was the inadequate car supply.

Thirty-five per cent of the total full-time capacity of these representative mines was lost because the supply of cars at the mine mouth was insufficient. Other important causes were labor deficiency, crippling the industry to 4.5 per cent of its full-time capacity, and mechanical breakdowns within the mines to which losses amounting to 2.2 per cent of the full-time output were attributed. No mines reporting to the Geological Survey mentioned losses because of no market for their product.

Motor Ambulance at Mines.

The bill requiring anthracite coal operators to provide a motor ambulance at every mine, or when two or more mine cars located within four miles, one will serve, has been approved by Governor Brumbaugh.

Sheriff's Sales.

Continued from Page Eight.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of the defendants at the suit of W. C. Peoples, trustee.

D. M. Hargrove, Attorney.

No. 3, September Term, 1917, E. D. John A. Clark versus Fred Frankenberg, et al. Sur Judgment No. 28 March Term, 1914.

All the right, title, interest, and claim of the defendant in and to all that certain six (6) lots of land situated in Springfield township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, being lot Nos. 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, and 346, as shown on the map of said township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, filed in the Recorder's Office of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in Book No. 2, page 94.

Said lot being one of the lots that was conveyed to the estate of John A. Clark, deceased, by deed dated October 10, 1912, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in Book No. 372, page 115, October 18, 1912.

Excepting and reserving, however, the portion of said lot No. 341, containing 1.5 acres, together with the mining rights as hereinafter sold and as excepted and reserved in the deed to John A. Clark, by William D. Vernon, et al., by deed dated March 12, 1912, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Fayette county in Book No. 372, page 329.

Being the same premises conveyed by John S. Galt and wife, by deed dated September 10, 1914, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in Book No. 372, page 115, October 18, 1912.

And that certain lot or place of ground, known and designated as lot No. 29 in the Ashton Heights Plat, of lots No. 1 situated in Luzerne township, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, filed in the Recorder's Office of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in Book No. 2, page 94.

Said lot being one of the lots that was conveyed to the estate of John A. Clark, deceased, by deed dated October 10, 1912, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Fayette county, Pennsylvania, in Book No. 372, page 115, October 18, 1912.

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CONNELLSVILLE'S BARGAIN CENTER THE CENTRAL STORE 115 W. MAIN ST.



Sale
Dresses
Advanced Fall
Styles
\$18.75 VALUES
\$10.90

Not a Clearance, but brand new Dresses in every new color—every new Silk, every new idea in trimmings, Georgette sleeves and collars. They are equally remarkable as a style exposition as well as their extraordinary low price. Don't miss it.

COAL PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION FOR NEXT WINTER

A Review of the Situation By C. E. Leshar, An Authority on Coal Data.

CONDITIONS ARE UNUSUAL

Output Unprecedented But Not Liquid to Demand; Many Factors Interfere; No Coal in Storage and Shortage in Winter Is Much Feared.

It is perhaps difficult for many to understand why, in view of the fact that nearly 600,000,000 tons of coal was mined and used last year and an unlimited supply is yet unmined, there should have been any trouble in getting fuel in the winter of 1916-17, or to believe that there may be trouble again next winter, says C. E. Leshar, of the United States Geological Survey in a review of conditions in the coal industry.

Those who have been keeping in touch with conditions in the bituminous coal industry recently and forecast the recent great increase in prices months ahead, but no one was so bold a year ago as to predict that in the near future prices would reach and stay at so high a level.

What has happened to the coal industry since the European War began is intimately and intricately tied up with the extraordinary things that have happened to all machinery of domestic production, including labor and transportation, and all these things are in one way or another related to the great war.

The consumer in the United States has not had to confront the cutting off of imports of coal for this country, above all, is self-contained in its coal supply, and imports but trivial amounts. The war has not interfered with the coal supply, but it has interfered with the coal demand.

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improvement of new mines is more than keeping pace with the needs of the country. To mine the coal requires an industrial army of 173,000 men in 1915, and a shortage of labor involves an immediate reduction in the output of coal. The greater part of the coal and bituminous coke produced must be transported considerable distances to reach the consumers. Any failure of the railroads to supply sufficient cars to the mines for loading or to move the loads promptly to their destination checks the production and consumption of coal.

The shortage of labor and the lack of adequate railroad service are recognized as prime causes of the coal shortage, and the reasons for these difficulties are now pretty well understood. Decreased immigration, exodus of foreign-born labor and rapid expansion of the manufacturing industries that supply all manner of products for home consumption as well as to the warring nations, which called for greater numbers of all classes of skilled and unskilled laborers and offered them high wages, were factors that, if not actually reducing the number of men employed in mining coal and in railroading, certainly prevented such increases in the number of workers as the greater demands of these industries required.

The lack of men has perhaps affected the production of anthracite more than the shortage of cars, but the opposite is true of bituminous coal. The railroads failed to deliver the service asked of them in the fall and winter of 1916. Their failure in this respect and to less extent earlier in the year, as well as in the fall of 1915, has been a matter of grave concern to the country. Had the supply of cars been unlimited, there would have been a shortage of locomotives; had the railroads been able to furnish and move all the cars for which there was an apparent demand, yards, switches and even main-line tracks would have become congested. In other words, the railroads were not prepared to handle the unprecedented quantity of freight the industries were offering.

Nothing is more certain than that the country will next winter witness a shortage of coal perhaps more serious than in the winter just passed unless unusual efforts are made between now and next fall to prevent it. This is the opinion of the Geological Survey, shared by other competent observers. The entrance of the United States into the war has keyed all industries to a still higher pitch, and has put this country on her mettle to outdo the remarkable record of the last 18 months in the production of the implements and accessories of war and in the export of goods and foodstuffs to Europe. The need of coal and coke to run the manufacturing plants and iron furnaces will be no less in the next 12 months than in the last, and probably will be even greater. The greatly increased activities of our naval forces means larger coal consumption, and the demands on the railroads for the transportation of troops and supplies will also increase the use of coal for railroad fuel.

The mines that must meet this extra demand for coal will have fewer men for coal. The military and naval forces or go to other industries for higher wages. The railroads that move the coal from mine to consumer will have fewer men and but few additional cars and locomotives.

With the price of coal at a higher level than ever before, the coal-mine operator may be counted on to do his utmost to meet the demand, but he can do only as much as the men at his command can do for him. On the days when no railroad cars are pushed under his tipple his mine must be idle, for he has no way to store coal once mined. With the experience of the last six or seven months behind them, the officials of the railroads are fully alive to the situation, and will be better able next winter to handle the problem of getting the empties to the mines and the loads to market, but with no great increase in equipment and motive power, possibly with fewer men, and certainly with more freight to handle, there is little hope that they can effect sufficient improvement in distribution to prevent congestion during the coming winter.

THIS DRUGGIST'S TEST TURNED OUT WELL FOR OTHERS

Nerv-Worth Wonderfully Overcomes Intestinal Ills Due to Vegetable Eating.

One of the many Nerv-Worth druggists who sell this superlative family tonic in the Pittsburgh, Pa., section has found by a careful personal test that Nerv-Worth is the best medicine he has ever taken to overcome colic, cramps, dysentery and the other summer complaints which so often follow the eating of fresh vegetables. Having proved Nerv-Worth's power to do this he is urging fellow-sufferers among customers and friends to follow his example, with the result that Nerv-Worth sales in that city are breaking all records. This is no new point in Nerv-Worth's favor. It is an old story, attested to by many signed statements.

Nerv-Worth has no equal as a hot-weather tonic. It steadies the nerves, whets the appetite, digests the food, restores restful sleep, regulates the bowels, cools the liver, banishes sick and nervous headaches, and other aches and pains, builds up run-down systems. If it does not do this for you your dollar back at the Connelville Drug Co.'s store. Neighborhood agencies: Chas. L. Kuhn, Mt. Pleasant; Broadway Drug Co., Scottsdale; W. L. Lewis, Brownsville.—Adv.

Saturday Special
2 lb. Boll, 12½ lb. Bowytz Meat Market, West Side.—Adv.—10-11.

Hunting Bargains?
If so, read our advertising columns.

NEWSY NOTES TELL WHAT'S HAPPENING IN MT. PLEASANT

Institute to Open September 15 With Miss Trickey and Prof. Gamble Teachers.

AUTO DRIVERS REGISTER KICK

Declare They Have Been Fined For Driving Without Lights Without the Formality of a Hearing Before a Justice; Beer Wagon Overturned.

Special to the Courier.
MT. PLEASANT, Aug. 10.—Constitution James Ellis and John G. Thompson arrested Friday afternoon, charging him with entering a building. The information was made by Charles Yurkovich of Standard, Rudzinsky denied that he had entered with any intent at the hearing held before Justice of the Peace L. S. Rhodes last evening and the case was settled by the defendant paying the costs.

To Open Season.
The Mount Pleasant Institute will open its musical department on September 15. The instructors will be Miss Mina Trickey, piano, and Prof. Gamble, violin. No later has been chosen for the vocal department but several very good ones are under consideration.

Beer Wagon Capsized.
John Baer, driving a Pittsburgh Brewing company wagon, yesterday upset it back of the Rader Inn. Neither driver nor horses were hurt.

Auto Drivers Kick.
Much complaint is being made by persons from out-of-town who have been arrested for driving without lights on their cars and are fined without hearings before a justice of the peace. They state that they would not mind paying a fine if it went through the proper channels, but they do resent the methods used here.

Notes.
Mrs. G. Richards of Brownsville is the guest of Mrs. George Smith. Elmer Springer of Indiana, Pa., is visiting friends here.

FEDERAL REGULATION NO BAR TO FORMATION OF COAL COMPANIES

Fifteen Men Concerned Have Recorded Their Opinions in Fayette Recently.

UNIONTOWN, Aug. 7.—Despite the Federal regulations proposed upon the mining and shipping of coal and coke, there seems to be little, if any, let-up in the formation of new concerns for the mining and shipping of coal. While a number of the new concerns call themselves "coal and coke" companies, it is hard to find any which are attempting to manufacture coke. These concerns mostly were organized for the quick conversion of their coal holdings into cash, and with the high prices on coal prevailing, there are a lot of Fayette countians who are getting considerable ready money.

Fifteen coal mining companies within the last six or seven weeks have recorded their charters in Fayette county. Practically all of these are new concerns. There are many Connelville men who are plunging in coal.

Among coal companies which recently have recorded their charters in Fayette county are: Progressive Coal company of Connelville; capital \$5,000; Max Levine, J. Levine, Hyman Levine, Connelville, and Charles Butt, Ballsblu township, incorporators.

Provinc Coal company of Uniontown; capital, \$200,000; L. Willard, L. V. Phillips, R. W. Playford, L. H. Dunn, John Sincovek, E. P. Rauscher, Oscar Johnson, M. J. Farrell, J. A. Kennedy, Robert Wood, Jr., J. P. McDowell, H. M. Bowman, B. B. Howell, C. H. Sutton, Peter E. Shoppard, B. P. Boyle, A. B. Dawson, Uniontown, and Charles Playford, Baltimore, Md., incorporators.

Superior Connelville Coal company of Uniontown; capital \$100,000; T. S. Lackey, J. K. Spurgeon, L. R. Lackey, Uniontown; Guy W. Brown, Fayette City, and George P. Hoover, Fairbanks, directors.

McNutt Coal & Coke company of Uniontown; capital \$5,000; B. S. McNutt, Fairbance; William B. Jackson, Connelville; J. W. Madore and L. B. Brownfield, trustees, of Uniontown, incorporators.

W. A. O'Brien Coal & Coke company of Connelville; capital \$5,000; W. A. O'Brien, Rockwell Dull and Stewart F. Stillwell, incorporators.

Morris-Connelville Fuel company of Connelville; capital \$20,000; E. E. Morris, Waynesburg; L. P. Rich and E. K. Dick, Connelville, incorporators.

Suterville Coal company of Connelville; capital \$15,000; A. C. Stieckel, Philip Gallard and G. Corrado of Connelville, incorporators.

Dickerson Run.

DICKERSON RUN, Aug. 10.—Miss Anna Deicher of Berlin, is spending a few days here visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Black. Edward Miller of Pittsburgh was a business caller here yesterday.

Ernest Cogan, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cogan of Dawson, left last evening on the Western Maryland for Detroit, where he was ordered by the government, taking the position as inspector for a company which has been turning out 25 aeroplanes a day for the government.

Tuesday will be pay day on the Young division of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie railroad.
F. G. Smith was a Connelville business caller yesterday.
William Traynor was transacting business at McKeaport Tuesday.
Try our classified advertisements.

WRIGHT-METZLER Co

SPECIALISTS IN UP-TO-DATE APPAREL FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

Continuing 'Till Saturday Night Our August

SALE OF MEN'S FANCY SUITS

Entire Stock Men's Fancy Suits at Biggest Savings of the Year.



OUR ENTIRE STOCK DIVIDED INTO FOUR BIG LOTS AND OFFERED AT SAVINGS OF \$5.00 TO \$12.50 ON EACH SUIT.
ALL OUR HIGH GRADE SUITS FROM SUCH FAMOUS MAKERS AS HIRSCH-WICKWIRE, MICHAELS-STERN AND SOCIETY BRAND. SNAPPY UP-TO-THE-MINUTE PATTERNS AND COLORS THAT EVERY MAN LIKES. ALL REGULAR AND EXTRA SIZES.
NO TELLING WHEN PRICES WILL AGAIN BE SO LOW. BLUE SERGES NOT INCLUDED.

NOTE THESE SAVINGS

10.00

For Suits Worth up to \$15.00

17.50

For Suits Worth up to \$25.00

13.75

For Suits Worth up to \$22.50

22.50

For Suits Worth up to \$35.00

ALL SOFT STRAW HATS HALF PRICE

This reduction goes straight through without anything reserved or excepted. Choice of all Panamas, Leghorns, China Splits and "Toys" at only half their regular selling prices. New shapes. All sizes.

One lot Men's and Boys' Blue and Fancy Caps up to \$1.00 values, Choice 25c.

Gold Bond Stamps Pay 4% on Every \$100 You Spend—Get Them.

Snake Oil

Accomplishing Most Wonderful Results.

I want to thank you for your wonderful oil, water Mr. J. C. Gibson, of Jonesboro, Ark. My little girl was very low with diphtheria; I had given her doses of medicine, which cost me \$20, with no results. I bought a 25c bottle of your oil and one application relieved her. Now she is well. It is the greatest remedy I ever saw. Mr. Gibson made this statement before hundreds of people. Mrs. Florence Menger, 224 Whitney St., Hartford, Conn., writes: I have used your Antiseptic Oil for neuralgia with good effects. Only time I have ever tried that stopped the pain immediately. Mrs. Williams, Gadsden, Ala., writes: I have used your great pain oil for rheumatism, and joints, also for sore throat, and I want to say that it is the greatest remedy I ever tried. I recommend it to all sufferers. Many cures reported daily from thousands of grateful users of this wonderful oil. Every bottle guaranteed, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle, or money refunded. Connelville Drug Co.

Patronize Those Who Advertise.

EXAMINING EYES, FITTING GLASSES AND REPLACING BROKEN LENSES MY SPECIALTY.
A. L. Tucker, Oph. D.
Optometrist.
104 S. Pittsburg St. Connelville

MOVE BY AUTO TRUCKS

OPPMAN'S TRANSFER
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE
CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Want Ads—1 Cent a Word.

SOISSON THEATRE

The change of bill for Thursday, Friday and Saturday are all from the Davis Theater and Harris Theater, Pittsburg. This will be equal to the bill given the first part of the week which was A No. 1. The program consists of musical Trios, Singing and Dancing, Double Teams and a number of Single Acts.

THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF

Chink Brown

This colored artist stands alone in his original Chinese act. Only act of this kind in America. He is a novelty sensation.

Georgious costumes and elegant paraphernalia.

Doors Open at 2 and 7 P. M. Vaudeville begins at 3, 5 and 9.15 P. M.

ORPHEUM THEATRE

TODAY

Daniel Frohman Presents the Fascinating, Irresistible MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE CRUCIBLE."

Also the two real Billy West Comedy, "THE MILLIONAIRE."

TOMORROW

Charming MARY PICKFORD Appears in "CINDERELLA."

A Photoplay of the Well Known Fairy Story.

Wednesday—VALESKA SURATT in "THE SIREN," picturizing the transgressions of an adventurer.

PARAMOUNT THEATRE

TODAY

BLUEBIRD PRESENTS VIOLET MERSEREAU IN

"THE LITTLE TERROR"

ALSO A SELECTED COMEDY.

TOMORROW

TRIANGLE PRESENTS BESSIE BARRISCALE IN

"HATER OF MEN"

ALSO A RIPOROARING COMEDY.